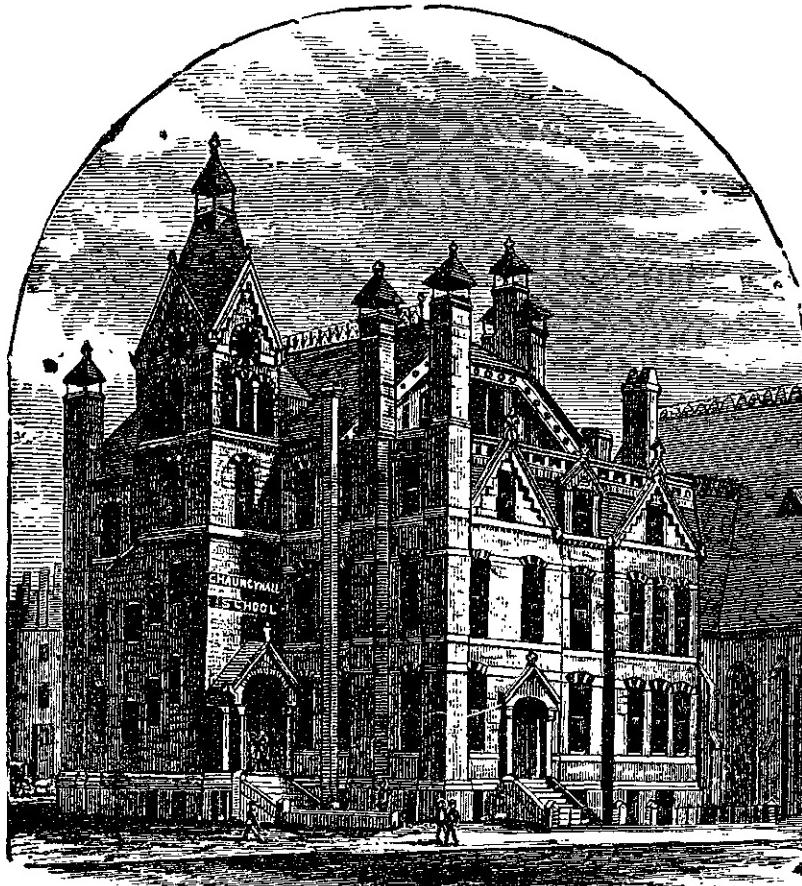


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# The Tech.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 11.

## THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



THE defeat of Harvard's Mott Haven Tug-of-War team by our four untrained and inexperienced men, is the greatest athletic feat which the Institute has ever accomplished.

It is true that we have scored many triumphs in the same line, but never when it was so entirely unlooked for, and under such unfavorable circumstances.

Two weeks before the games, it was decided to enter a tug-of-war team from the M. I. T. There was no interest taken in it by the men to whom we looked for aid, and enough could not be found to fill the eight places required for a pull, until the first week had nearly passed. But one man, the anchor, was present during

the first week, out of the four who obtained the victory; and it was not until three days before the games that they pulled together. With only three hours' practice together, and no preliminary training, the team entered. Another disadvantage was, that, without any training, they were ten pounds under the limit, and so did not have the advantage to be gained by having all the weight allowed, every pound of which tells in such a struggle. The efforts of that team in winning under such a number of disadvantages, cannot be over praised.

Now, how about the other side? The Harvard team, and Easton the anchor, have a reputation which is founded on years of victories. The many triumphs at Mott Haven over the representative teams from the leading athletic colleges, and the former and recent victories at New York and elsewhere, have made it known as the champion team among colleges. There was one blot on their scutcheon: three years ago, on the scene of their latest defeat, the Mott Haven team was pulled by Winsor and his three sturdy Techs. But it was but by an inch. The present score of two inches and a half eclipses the former record, but not the event itself. The memory of both will become traditional as the only times that Harvard's most renowned anchor was ever defeated.

The Institute has always been more prominent in this special line of athletics than any other. Why we should make such a showing in tugs-of-war, is quite an interesting problem. It is well to know that we have men with superior endurance and strength, and these qualities should be kept up to the standard in after years.

Every man who witnessed that five minutes' contest will remember it as one of the most thrilling experiences he ever underwent; and the four men who added this triumph to the many already recorded in the chronicles of our

athletics, will, in the many years to come, receive grateful homage from all the future members.

**T**HE class of '86, not willing to leave for '87 all the chances for inaugurating new customs, had a class-day last year, which was the first real *bona fide* jubilee ever held on such an occasion at the Tech. The former classes were content to receive their sheep-skins and depart in peace, without any joyful demonstrations on arriving at the goal of their hopes. If '86 had not basely taken advantage of their seniority to take from '87 the glory of being the first, our present Seniors might have burst forth upon the world with more *eclat*; but as it is, they can only follow the custom, and improve upon the manner of carrying it out.

A class-day is not, as some might suppose, a celebration of independence from college restrictions, or expression of joy on leaving their past associations; rather, it is a special event to mark the last occasion on which they meet as classmates,—the culmination around which to gather all the pleasant reminiscences of college life, and which may in itself be the happiest of all the many gatherings which were scattered throughout the four years; the day on which they make their entrance into the world of cares and sorrows, and on which they take their last farewell of their classmates and instructors.

'87 will go out in a manner consistent with its usual grace and dignity. A programme of events has been arranged, and all necessary officers and committees elected. The exercises will consist of an address to the class in the morning, by some prominent man, class exercises in the afternoon at Huntington Hall, and a reception to friends in the evening, followed by dancing.

The reception will probably be given in the Hotel Vendome, which contains the most favorable arrangements for such an occasion. Everything signifies a most enjoyable event to all concerned, and by no other means could a

more favorable impression be retained, in the memory of the class, of the Institution in which they have lived together for so long a time.

The Institute, in thus adopting a custom which has been so successful in other colleges, shows that conservatism is losing ground, and that it is growing away from its former narrowness. Every year shows an improvement in this respect, and so will every year to come.

**T**HE directors of the Athletic Club have made a wide departure from the established conservative principles of the Club in expending so much money on the dinner last week. There are many members who think that the Club should have expended the surplus in a way that would better further the athletic interests of the Institute. Our tug-of-war team well deserved being honored, and there are plenty of men willing and anxious to give a subscription dinner, complimentary to the men of the team. Had the Athletic Club so desired, they could have paid for the dinners of the Technology winners in the games, and every one would have been pleased to see the club do it; but for the Club to give a dinner free to all men who have bought membership tickets means the establishment of an unfortunate precedent which should not be followed in succeeding years. There are many ways in which the club surplus could have been judiciously expended for the promotion of athletic interest or for the improvement of the gymnasium, with better advantage than for feeding men who have simply bought season tickets to the games.

**W**E would like to call attention to the communication in another column in regard to the taking of notes on lectures, and writing them up afterward, and then handing them in to be marked. We think that this is a subject which will bear a great deal of criticism, both favorable and adverse, and we should be very glad to hear from others on this same subject. Whether there is much benefit to be derived

from this system of note-taking, or not, is a question which we are not prepared to assert any positive opinion about, as our own ideas are not fully made up on this point. It has often occurred to us that a man must lose a great deal of a lecture while writing notes, because, unless he is proficient in short-hand, it is impossible for him to keep up with the lecturer, and he will thus be continually writing about one thing, while the lecturer is talking about another. Thus his notes must be necessarily of an intermittent sort of character, and it is a question whether his knowledge of the subject is not the same; for certainly no man can do thoroughly two such things at once, as writing about one thing and listening to another. But then it may be said, and perhaps truly, that what he does get down in his note-book, makes him have a more thorough knowledge of the subject than he otherwise would. This is undoubtedly the case when a man is taking notes for his own perusal only, but it is not about this kind of note-taking we are speaking. When a man is taking notes for the professor to look over, his aim is to get as large and good looking a note-book as possible; for it is pretty certain that no professor will go carefully through a whole class's note-books, and derive his opinion of their excellence on the thoughts expressed there alone. He cannot fail to be favorably affected by a note-book which is written up in good handwriting and copiously illustrated; at least, it would seem so to us. And here comes up the question, Is not a thorough knowledge of the subject sacrificed to a mere mechanical excellence, which entails only a partial knowledge of the subject? As we have said before, we should not like to assert any opinion positively on the subject, but would like to hear it criticised by the students. Our columns are free and open to all. And also, that we may hear both sides of the question fairly and impartially discussed, we would esteem it a great favor if some of the professors would also write to us concerning this same subject. It is one which deeply interests us personally, and we should be very glad to hear more of it.

IT has been finally decided that we are to have a nine this year. A great deal has been said in opposition to it, but at the meeting of the Base-Ball Association, Saturday, it was unanimously decided to put a team into the field. Most of the opposition is due to the fact that there is only such a short time for us to play in during the spring, and that the best part of this time is so near examination-time as to preclude any possibility of success. We think this is in a great measure true, and that the Institute can never be renowned for its ball nine. But we should be able to put a nine into the field that would do better than the teams of the last two years, who so distinguished themselves that they were called the Bijou team, in derision. We think it would be well, also, for the management to limit the expense as much as possible, and only play nines in the neighborhood of Boston. There is no reason, this year, why we should not put in a nine that would at least try to win a game. The half-hearted play of last year should not be tolerated again; and if the nine shows a disposition to repeat last year's tactics, they should be at once disbanded. We do not expect the team to win all, or even a majority, of the games they play; but we do want to see more earnestness in the players. With such players with us as Nichols and Smith, of the Harvard 'Varsity team of '86, and Clement and Ayer, of our own last year's team, we think we can reasonably expect this, and trust that we shall not be disappointed. And the students, too, should remember that the nine can do nothing without money, and so subscribe liberally to its support.

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MESSRS. JORDAN, '88, Robb, '88, and Finch, '90, have been elected members of the board of editors of THE TECH, and begin their duties, with the present number. They are a welcome addition to the board, which is even now smaller than it should be. We are pleased to say also, that since our last number we have received a few contributions.

## A Strange Story.

LATE one evening I arrived in one of those old Italian towns famous in our days for pictures and statuary, but in the days of the Republics of Northern Italy, famous as not least among the cities of the time. Here the family of Bernardino lived and flourished, and for years exercised a protectorate over the city, holding the title of Dukes of the same. The hotel to which I went had once been the palace of this family, but had long since passed out of their hands, and had been bought a few years ago by a company, who had turned it into a hotel. About this palace there was one rather curious story which my guide-book told me of; how that years ago one of the family, a young man of great promise, had disappeared during a popular tumult in which the palace was stormed, and with him disappeared also his young wife, whom he had just brought from Venice, and her father, a senator of that noted city. The next heir, a distant cousin, succeeded him, and was generally supposed to know the secret of his disappearance; but people either did not care, or did not dare to ask, much about the matter.

But to return to my story. Having come from a long journey I did not care to sit up long, and so went to my room. It was a huge room, hung with damask. The ceiling was vaulted, and adorned with quaint frescoes. My one small candle scarcely served to light one corner of the room, and threw dark shadows into the dimly lighted, far-off corners. After I had locked my door, feeling somewhat curious, I thought that I would look around the room. In one corner, completely hidden by the hangings, I found a small door. This I opened, and on looking out I saw a small marble staircase, lighted by candles held in branches along the wall. I also found that there was no means of fastening the small door, so I thought that I would see where the staircase led to. Unfortunately the marble was very highly polished, and after I had gone down several steps I slipped, and fell what seemed to me a long distance. I got

up feeling rather sore, and looked around me. Behind me were the stairs down which I had fallen; in front of me a perfectly dark, narrow passage. I determined to explore; so taking a candle from one of the branches on the wall, I proceeded down the passage. The pavement under foot soon gave place to plain dirt, and the walls and ceilings became of rough rock, through which the water dripped in many places, showing me that I was in an underground passage; probably, I thought, one of those so common in old places, as a means of escape in time of danger. I must see, though, thought I, how and where it ends. To this end, however, I thought that I should never come; but at last the passage began to widen, and I found myself in a good-sized cave, in front of which flowed a rapid stream. No way could I see of getting out of the cave except the one by which I had entered, unless one were inclined to trust themselves to the stream in front, which might be shallow, or it might be deep. But then, my examinations were made by the light of one poor flickering candle, and there might be many things that daylight would show plainly, which could not be seen at all by such a light. Promising myself another visit, I started to return. I had gone but a short way when I came face to face with the solid rock. Evidently there was more than one passage, and I had unknowingly got into a blind one. So back I went until I found a turning, that went off in what I thought was the right direction. I continued along this for some time, until my way was again blocked; but this time it was a door which stopped my farther progress. I tried to open it, but it was locked; I tried to push, thinking that perhaps it led out into the stairway from which I had started,—and the whole door, rotten with age, came tumbling down, almost extinguishing my candle, and awakening deafening echoes in the narrow passage. In front of me there was now a curtain; this I pushed aside, and found myself in a room of moderate size, hung round with tapestry. In a moment my light burnt more brightly, and a sight met my eyes which cannot easily be described. On a long couch, clad in the gorgeous

robes of a Venetian Senator, his long, bony fingers clasping an ivory crucifix, lay a grinning skeleton. On the floor near by lay another figure, evidently that of a woman, the skull surrounded by what might almost be called a halo of golden hair, while the rest of the figure was clad in a dress of yellow brocade, with a jeweled girdle. On the breast there was a dark stain, from the middle of which the jeweled hilt of a dagger, protruding, showed by what death she had died. In the corner, kneeling in front of a large crucifix, was another figure, clothed in armor, but with no head-piece or gauntlets. For one moment I stood not knowing what to think of these horrible skeletons, when all at once a thought came to me. This, then, was the explanation of that story which I had read. There came into my mind a series of vivid pictures of how it had all happened: how the young Duke, wishing to provide a place of safety for his wife and her aged father, had brought them there; how they had been locked in through some treachery; how the old man, weak through age, died first; how his daughter, unable to bear the horrors of a death by starvation, perished by her own hand; how the young Duke was left to meet his miserable death alone; and how he remained faithful to the end, and died, at last, sinking exhausted before the crucifix. . . .

But am I never to get out of this place? Am I to share their fate? Twice have I tried to get out, and each time I have failed; now I must try in earnest. With that I turned toward the doorway, and hastened along the passage. In such haste was I that I forgot to take proper care of my candle, and a sudden puff of wind blew it out, leaving me alone in the dark. But I did not stop for all that; I fairly ran, for I had for the moment but one desire, and that was to get away from what I had seen. At some moments I almost thought that I heard some one coming after me; at others, there seemed to be some one in front of me, and all the time it was cold, and damp, and dark, and very rough under foot. How long this continued I cannot say,—it seemed interminable to me,—but at last I saw a light ahead, and in a minute more I was back at the

foot of the staircase from which I had started. I ascended several flights; on each story was a small door, but on only one had this been left open; into this I went. Yes! it was my own room. Tired with my subterranean wanderings I went straight to bed, and did not wake till late the next morning. The first thing which I did when I got up was to look for the little door. Sure enough, there it was. When I was dressed and had had my breakfast, I told my story to the manager of the hotel. He only shrugged his shoulders and said, "Impossible," but gave me permission to investigate; but nothing could I find, howsoever much I tried. The staircase truly was there; everybody in the house knew of it. It was used by the servants to get at the rooms on the different floors with which it communicated, by means of small doors, such as had aroused my curiosity the night before. As to the existence of my mysterious passage, however, I was never able to satisfy anybody but myself; for no indications of any kind could I find along the apparently solid stone wall which would lead any one to believe that there was a secret passage behind it. Nevertheless, I shall always continue to feel that I really found the explanation of that strange disappearance which happened so many centuries ago.

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#### A Narrow Escape.

IT was in the year of eighteen hundred and <sup>1</sup> froze to death, that I, Lawrence Mitford, ran away to sea in the good ship Gaspee, under command of my uncle, James Mitford.

The Gaspee was a clipper-built vessel, especially designed for blockade running; and although registered and owned in Thomaston, she was fitted with papers and passports (how obtained I know not) that enabled her captain to baffle any ordinary attempts to prove her real identity, which was of a somewhat questionable character at that period of ill feeling between the North and South.

I was a lad of but fourteen years, and having

been repeatedly crushed when I suggested the idea of my going to sea, the brilliant plan occurred to me to conceal myself in one of the empty hogsheads which the Gaspee was carrying South, to bring back, if successful, filled with a well-paying cargo of molasses.

My plan having worked to my entire satisfaction, on the second day out I emerged from my hiding-place, with fear and trembling as well as a very empty stomach, only to be rewarded with reproaches from my uncle James.

At my earnest request he finally put me "before the mast," and it did not take a week to convince me of the unpleasantness of the reality which all tales of privation had only increased my desire to experience. For I can assure my readers that

"A life on the bounding deep  
Is *not* the life for me,"

when one has to subsist on the hard-tack soaked in train-oil and "plum-duff" (on Sundays), which an "able seaman" has to put up with on a hard trip. At first I could not come under the above head, being entirely *unable* to get away with my share of the foot-ball like mixture of plum-duff.

But to pass over my intermediate agonies of starvation, sea-sickness, and home-sickness, and come to the point: The 4th of September in this same eventful year found us safely loaded with the coveted cargo of rum and molasses, as well as a deck load of cotton, and with all the conditions of wind, weather, and season most favorable for a successful attempt to pass the vessels and forts then guarding the entrance to the port of Charleston.

At ten in the evening our pilot came on board, and with but little delay we cleared the dock, and as we floated slowly with the tide, gave ourselves up to anxious watching for indications of danger, as well as for the signals of our ghost-like guide, who, dressed completely in white, paddled his white canoe far ahead. This guide was an old hand at the business, and had adopted white because he found that although more conspicuous at close quarters, it was, unlike black, totally invisible at a moderate distance.

"Thank God, we're out of that wasp's-nest," murmured my uncle with a sigh of relief, as we heard the watch on the last man-of-war cry out over the water to the sentinel at the front, his regular "All's well;" and as we spread our sails to the breeze and parted with our guide, came the seeming mocking reply from the fort, "All's well."

My uncle, thoroughly exhausted with his recent anxieties, went below, leaving the helm in charge of "French Johnny" (so called, as far as I could make out, for the reasons that he was neither French, nor was his cognomen John), while I with the rest of my watch kept him company. I was also very tired, but being obliged to stay on deck, I crept on to a bale of cotton, and was soon fast asleep, and dreaming of home. I must have slept for two hours, and was just sliding down the hay-mow at home, with little Bill Sedgwick, when I was rudely brought to my senses by arriving simultaneously with a bale of cotton in the chilly water.

In less time than it takes to tell it, I rose, and clinging to my companion in misery, I took in the whole situation at a glance. It was day-break. The Gaspee was running, with all sail set, in and out among the channels which thread the reefs on the Southern coast, while a Confederate cruiser (which afterward proved to be the Alabama) was taking a parallel course outside the reefs, just out of range, to be sure, but uncomfortably near.

Evidently a sudden lurch, caused by putting the helm hard down unexpectedly, had shifted the badly stowed bale which had shared my misfortune, and had placed me in my present uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, position. Having revolved all this in my mind in an instant, I shouted for help, and "French Johnny" at once responded with, "Howly Mother, there's a mon overboard!" and as quickly as possible brought the Gaspee up into the wind, and sent a long-boat to rescue cargo and seaman.

When the schooner "lay to," the Alabama, supposing we had at last obeyed her repeated signals to stop, lowered a boat, and sent the second officer to examine our papers. The

two small boats arrived together at the side of the Gaspee, and I cannot say which was more plainly depicted on my uncle's face, joy at my recovery, or vexation at the delay and danger which delay entailed. The officer was shown the papers which he demanded; but being dissatisfied with their form, he said he should be obliged to return with them to the ship, to have them certified by his superior.

My uncle, to my great surprise, cheerfully assented, but warned the young officer on his departure that a shot from our single howitzer would greet any display of hostile intentions, and that to avoid mistakes he was not to attempt to signal the Alabama, under pain of instant destruction.

No sooner had he departed convinced that with one shot we could wreck him, than my uncle gave the necessary orders for instant departure, and thus we sailed swiftly but calmly away, while the commander of the Alabama stood and watched us disappear on the horizon, not knowing until we had accomplished that desirable end, that he had been duped.

#### Concerning Electric Lighting.

IN one of the recent numbers of THE TECH, mention was made of the application of the force of electricity to the lighting of railway cars, and especial attention was called to the recent trials of the system on one of the cars of the Boston and Albany Railroad. In this article I desire to add a few words on this branch of our "Youngest Science," as electricity may be termed, as well as to offer a few suggestions concerning its application to domestic lighting.

A few days ago the *Boston Herald* published some facts in regard to this electrically lighted car. During the daytime the car is run onto the siding near the Columbus Avenue railroad station, and has its storage batteries charged by a current from the Weston Electric Light Co.'s dynamos.

The storage battery, after being charged, will supply electricity to 24 lamps of 16-candle power,

for ten hours, at an average daily cost of eleven cents per lamp. No allowance, or next to none, need be made for the care of the lamp, since the pressure of a knob or the turning of a switch is all that is required to light a whole car.

The objection may be made that the eleven cents per lamp, when the great number of lights that any railroad runs is taken into consideration, for electric lighting, will cost more than the lamps now in use. In answer to this, the agent of Mr. Edmund Julien, the inventor of this system, claims that the elements of the battery and the lamps will, in reality, last much longer than the time for which they are warranted. In this case, and taking into account the fact that equipping a large number of cars will materially reduce the cost of individual lamps, the expense of electric lighting in railway cars may become less than that of the present method. At all events, the Boston and Albany Road have ordered the system to be put in all the through Boston and New York expresses, and before long we may expect to see the cars on all the trains safely and brilliantly lighted.

One word more on this subject before we pass on. I just said "*safely* and *brilliantly lighted*." Did it never occur to any of the readers of THE TECH, that the oil-lamps in use on our trains are nearly as dangerous as the already condemned stoves? In the recent and much-talked-of accident on the Central Vermont R. R., the rapid spread of the fire was due, in a great measure, to the oil which had run out from the overturned lamps, and had saturated the seats of the cars and the clothes of many of the ill-fated passengers.

The adoption of electric lamps will do away entirely with all danger from this source; for if an incandescent lamp is broken, the air rushing in to fill the vacuum will break the fine filament into bits, and at once stop the flow of the current through the lamp.

There is another application of electricity closely allied to the one I have been speaking about. I refer to the electric lighting of our private houses. In large cities this is not a difficult thing, and indeed it has been done to a

small extent here in Boston. The danger lies, first, in the admission of electricity to the house; and, secondly, in the running of the wires in the house. It is true that lightning-arresters have been invented and put in use, but they can all be improved. If the wires could be run underground, and introduced while underground into the house, the first danger would be obviated. In order to avoid the second, there must be perfect insulation of the wires, and the most scrupulous care must be taken in running them. Any carelessness, or ignorance on the part of the workman or electrician, would have the most disastrous consequences. Fires have occurred from this source, and have as a result greatly increased the prejudice of the public against domestic electric lighting. We who are studying here in a scientific school, and who are familiar with the workings of these great forces, cannot perhaps fully appreciate these prejudices. We must remember, however, that people who are ignorant of a great power, are not generally willing to intrust their lives and property to its keeping: one or two fires or accidents, that can be directly traced to an over-heated wire or a poor insulation, will have an influence on the public, and greatly retard the progress of the electric lighting of our houses.

To sum up, then: we need systems of lighting for cars that will reduce the cost to a minimum, and appliances to render the electric lighting of houses absolutely safe. The Institute of Technology claims to give us a training which will enable us to compete with inventors and electricians, both at home and in Europe. Many of the men who have acquired money and reputation in this science, have not had the advantages of such a course as is here placed before us; but the scientific men who are most widely known, and who have seen most clearly how to make scientific inventions profitable, have been men of education, if they did not graduate from the M. I. T. Our aim, then, as students of electrical science, should be to make the most of our present opportunities; and who can tell what glory we may one day bring upon our hard task-master, the TECH?

### Noticeable Articles.

A GREAT stir was occasioned in the English literary world by the publication, in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*, of a savage attack on a recently published volume, entitled "From Shakspeare to Pope," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, Clark Lecturer on English Literature at (English) Cambridge. The book is roundly condemned as so inaccurate and superficial as to be a disgrace to the university which tolerates such a lecturer. A melancholy picture is drawn of the decline of English literature in the effort that goes on continually to catch the popular ear. "The writer of a single good book is soon forgotten by his contemporaries; but the writer of a series of bad books is sure of reputation and emolument," especially if they become the subject of a degrading system of puffery, which everywhere prevails." Mr. Gosse's book, the writer thinks, is an evidence that this decay is attacking the universities themselves, and that the so-called modern reforms are reducing even their standard to the popular level. The writer then proceeds to a detailed exposure of Mr. Gosse's inaccuracies and blunders, and, though there are signs that he is actuated by personal hostility, he apparently makes out a pretty strong case.

The article had one good result apart entirely from the question of the merits or demerits of Mr. Gosse's book. It called public attention to the wider and more important question of the teaching of English literature in general, and to the fact that it was in a wretched state of imperfection and neglect. The enterprising *Pall Mall Gazette* procured and printed a great number of letters on the subject from eminent scholars and men of science, many of whom gave their opinions as to the true remedy for the present state of things. The contention of the writer in the *Quarterly* was, that there could be no sound and genuine study of English literature that was not based upon a previous study of the Greek and Roman classics, and he went into an elaborate investigation of the debt which the great masters of English owed to their classical training. Conceding that the study of English literature had been disgracefully neglected at the English universities, he saw no possible remedy save that of maintaining the standard of classical culture as high as ever, and connecting the study of English as closely as possible with the time-honored study of the literature of Greece and Rome.

The article has been followed by another, in the January number of the *Quarterly*, just re-published, entitled "A School of English Literature," presumably by the same writer, in which that portion of the letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which supported his view has been utilized in a very interesting manner.

The list of letter-writers contains a remarkable array of eminent names, dignitaries of the church and of the law, professors and head-masters, men of science, and men of letters. The oddest thing about the whole discussion is the unanimity of opinion as to the disgracefulness of the present state of things. As Prof. Huxley says, "That a young Englishman may be turned out of our universities 'equipt and perfect,' so far as their system takes him, and yet ignorant of the noble literature which has grown up in these islands during the last three centuries, is a fact in the history of the nineteenth century which the twentieth will find it hard to believe." The reviewer being, as we said, a strenuous advocate of the plan of basing the study of English literature on the existing course of study in the ancient classics, makes his extracts entirely from the letters which sustain this plan; but it may be suspected that some of the writers are a good deal actuated by the fear occasioned by the declining popularity of Greek and Latin as instruments in the higher education. Chief Justice Coleridge even goes so far as to call the classics "a lost cause;" and the master of Balliol says "classical study is getting, in some respects, worn out, and the plan proposed would breathe new life into it," which is clearly making the English studies a very subordinate matter; while Mr. Gladstone, Lord Carnarvon, and others roundly protest against English literature being recognized by the universities as a subject of study at all, unless associated with the Greek and Roman classics, "on the ground that if divorced from the study of ancient literature, its introduction would tend to disturb and weaken the present classical system." Ancient literature must indeed be in a bad way when its defenders have to fall back on such arguments. We do not believe they are at all needed; but apart from the interests of classical studies themselves, the question for the promoters of right methods of study of English literature is, whether this time-honored training in the ancient literatures of Greece and Rome is an absolute necessity as a preliminary to the study of modern literature. This is the ground taken by other eminent writers like Matthew Arnold, Froude, and John

Morley, and by Bulwer, the present Earl of Lytton, in a long, and, in some respects, excellent letter, printed here for the first time.

It seems a very preposterous thesis to maintain that nobody can enjoy, or even understand, his Shakspeare unless he has previously mastered Homer and the Greeks, and that a true appreciation of English literature is really confined to that five per cent or thereabouts of all the students of the ancient classics who ever really do master them. It might be suggested that Shakspeare himself had "small Latin and less Greek;" and then, if Greek and Homer, why not Sanskrit and the *Bhagavad gita*, which would seem to be still more fundamental? It is well to remember, too, that this unsurpassed Greek literature was not itself the fruit of any such training in foreign literatures, for the Greeks had no such foreign literatures to study. In truth, it seems to the present writer that there is a confusion of arguments here. That to the thorough and systematic study of the English *language*, there goes a not inconsiderable study of Latin, and a less but still a substantive knowledge of the elements of Greek,\* cannot be doubted, any more than that a similar and even more complete knowledge of the Old English, that is commonly called Anglo-Saxon, is quite as essential. That a good knowledge of German and of French are also valuable to the students of English is equally true. But the required knowledge of Latin and Greek may stop very far short of that thorough mastery of their literatures, which, however seldom achieved, is what is really meant by a classical education. To say that, in this latter sense, a classical education is an absolutely necessary preliminary to the study of English literature, is the height of absurdity, however desirable and enviable an accomplishment it may be in itself. Even if life were not too short to study everything, it would seem as if a far more hopeful way to promote a genuine study of English would be to make the study of all these other languages strictly subsidiary, rather than to degrade the study of the mother-tongue, and of the greatest of all modern literatures, into a mere appendage to an obsolete system which, by the confession even of some of its advocates, is "worn out," and no longer suited to the educational wants of the day.

\* Prof. Goodell's recently published little book, "The Greek in English," will be found a very convenient help to students who merely wish to understand the Greek element in the English language.

The *Quarterly* contains a clear and vigorous political article entitled "The Coming Session," the keynote of which is struck in the following sentences: "What we have to do is to maintain the Union and insure the supremacy of the law. . . . It is now generally admitted that Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy has, from first to last, been a gigantic failure. . . . Mr. Gladstone looks on at this failure with supreme complacency, and assures us that if we allow him to repeal the Union without describing it in that unpleasant manner, all will be well; but the nation has made up its mind not to be led any further on that road." We are inclined to think that this is very near the truth. The party now in power must not be confounded with the old Tory party, which is dead. It is emphatically a *Union* party, and it is very noticeable that the corresponding article in the Whig *Edinburgh* is as strongly Unionist and Anti-Gladstonian as that in the Tory *Quarterly*. In fact, old political party names count for as little, or even less, in England to-day than they do here.

W. P. A.

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#### M. I. T. A. C.

THE open meeting of the Athletic Club, held on March 5th, may well be said to be the most successful that the Tech has ever known; and this is saying a good deal, considering the quality of our past exhibitions. About eleven hundred people witnessed the many exciting contests; and though, on account of the varied character of the audience it was impossible to please all, we think that none can regret the time passed in our modest gymnasium.

The events were contested in the following order:—

*Running High Kick.*—G. A. Armington, '87, E. C. Wason, '90, and D. Fernandez and H. F. Cook, of B. Y. M. C. U. Armington and Cook succumbed early. Fernandez reached 8 feet and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, but Wason kept on and beat the Tech. record of 8 feet and 8 inches by an inch and a half, thus winning the event and the special prize of a gold medal for record breaking. (Great applause.)

*Fence Vault.*—G. A. Armington, '87, W. L. Dearborn, '88, H. G. Gross, '88, D. Fernandez, B. Y. M. C. U., and J. H. Slade, Jr., H. A. A. Dearborn won, with a record of 6 feet,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Armington and Gross tied for second place at 6 feet  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

*Tug of War.*—M. I. T. team: F. L. Pierce, anchor; R. M. Clement, H. G. Gross, P. H. Tracy. Roxbury Latin team: H. Tallant, anchor; R. B. Hale, H. S. Wilkinson, J. A. Stetson. The M. I. T. got a drop of six inches, and easily won by 11 inches. The next tug was between the Harvard team: J. H. B. Easton, anchor; Gorham, Boyden, and Pease; and the B. Y. M. C. U. team: G. E. Fay, anchor; J. J. Riley, A. B. Lyon, W. J. Cogan. Harvard gained slightly on the drop, but Fay soon had 3 inches. Easton caught him coming up too far and easily recovered the advantage, winning finally by 15 inches.

*Standing High Jump.*—R. Devens, '88, E. C. Wason, '90, and F. H. Rodgers, H. A. A. Rodgers is the celebrated runner. He won at 4 feet  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches; Wason second, at 4 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Great things were expected of Wason, but the referee found fault with his style of jumping, and thereby prevented him from equaling his accustomed record.

*Putting the Shot.*—J. C. E. deBullet, '90, S. F. Tuckerman, '90, and J. D. Ryan, Y. M. C. A. Ryan easily won, as was expected, at 35 feet  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

*Running High Jump.*—W. L. Dearborn, '88, R. Devens, '88, Wason, '90, N. Doherty, Y. M. C. A., W. G. Irwin, B. Y. M. C. U., and J. H. Slade, Jr., H. A. A. Dearborn and Irwin tied at 5 feet 5 inches, and Irwin won jumping off the tie at the same height.

*Final Tug-of-War.*—Harvard vs. Technology. Harvard anticipated an easy victory, and was thereby considerably surprised. On the drop the Tech. team had an inch and a half, which was immediately increased to 3 inches. By desperate heaves Easton brought the ribbon half an inch on his side, but Pierce regained it, and Technology won by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches and were borne off in triumph.

*Feather-weight Sparring.*—First bout: G. Whitney, '87, and F. P. Clement, H. A. A. The rounds were close, but not very exciting. Clement acted entirely on the defensive, and won. Second bout: H. H. Bailey, B. Y. M. C. U., and H. P. Flagg, Y. M. C. A. This was very uninteresting. Four rounds of tame sparring were necessary to decide it. Bailey, winner.

*Light-weight Sparring.*—W. C. Hildebrand and W. Austin, both from H. A. A. Four hot rounds, which abounded in clinches and half-arm work, decided Austin the better man.

*Middle-weight Sparring.*—G. M. Ashe, H. A. A., and W. A. Shockley, M. Bi. C. This was a very pretty contest,—each man striking clean blows, and improving every opportunity. Ashe won.

As Clement withdrew, Bailey and F. J. Kelley, B. Y. M. C. U., fought the deciding bout for the feather weight. This was quite severe,—Kelley boxing with a battered nose, and Bailey being floored by a right-hander. Bailey led on points in all three rounds, but the knock-down gave Kelley the cup.

The final contest in the middle weight was between Ashe and F. G. Curtis, H. A. A. Ashe had decidedly the best of it the first two rounds, but the fine showing of Curtis in the third made the audience surprised when it was announced that Ashe was the winner.

The Institute will keep seven of the twelve cups which were so universally admired. One record broken, and the defeat of Harvard's champions is sufficient cause for exultation. It will be necessary next year to obtain larger accommodations for the large audience, as we may expect even more, after the complete success of this year's games.

*Officers of Meeting.*—Referee, W. A. Davis; Referee of sparring, Dr. Wm. Appleton; Judges of sparring; Wm. A. Morrison, T. R. Kimball; Clerk of course, T. D. Brainerd, '87; Stewards: G. O. Draper, '87, H. D. Sears, '87, W. C. Fish, '87, G. C. Dempsey, '88, W. L. Dearborn, '88, R. Robb, '88, and N. Durfee, '89.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

*The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.*

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:

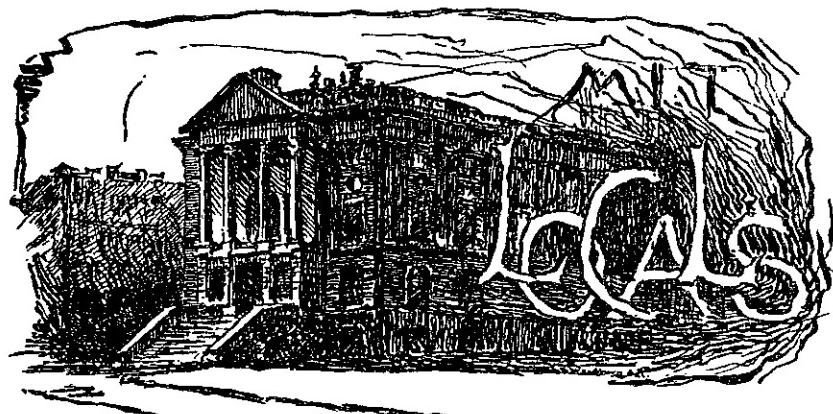
WITH the admonitions of our Freshman instructors as to the qualities of a good note-book, its conciseness and brevity, still ringing in our ears, the somewhat disproportionate attention paid to notes taken in the latter years in some courses, is rather exasperating to one who feels that he has at last attained the habit and practice of taking down those points of a lecture which experience has shown him to be most needed.

The method of enlarging upon these notes when written up at home, may have been feasible during the first year; but it is practically impossible when the lectures become so full of important points as to require the utmost dexterity in following it with notes at all, especially in those subjects almost emancipated from any text-book or parallel authority that may be used for reference. It may not be realized by the professors that few lectures are given that do not require at least an hour to write up, and that, too, when the effort required to take notes fast enough in the class detracts considerably from the attention it is possible to bestow upon an immediate consideration of the subject in hand.

It might be assumed that in the third or fourth year a student could be trusted to take such notes as he had found most useful, and to sacrifice some of their neatness for the great saving of time which might be employed in their perusal; for notes *must* be copied up, whether or not they are studied, or even understood.

From this point of view some impatience might be expected when books are returned, as some are, with a mark, and report which details inaccuracies in spelling and failure to number pages, and that the appearance of notes thus transcribed should be taken as any basis for rank and standing seems unfair, and to put a premium excellence in mere mechanical work, which, in fact, usually receives most attention from those whose deficiency in the term's work renders them anxious to make up for its natural effect.

A driving business — The cabman's.



The 2G met at the Thorndyke Wednesday night.

The *Herald* says nothing more about a "disputed contest."

The S O F<sub>4</sub> Freshman Society dined at the Tremont House last week.

'89 will hold its annual class supper at the Quincy House next week.

The '87 Class-day reception will be held at the Vendome.

The next Fraternity dance is announced for Saturday afternoon, March 26th.

The first annual reunion of the class of '86 was held at the Revere House, March 9th.

The Society of '88 held its regular monthly meeting at Parker's, last Friday evening.

The C B A entertained Mr. Minturn Wright, formerly '89, at dinner last week, at Young's Hotel.

The members of the Senior Ball Committee, from '90, are Messrs. Machado, Spaulding, and R. G. Brown.

The dozen alligators imported from Florida for the Biological Laboratory has dwindled down to five.

Francis L. V. Hoppin, formerly '88, was in the city last week, and gave the Institute a call while here.

The Hammer and Tongs Club held its monthly dinner at the Hotel Vendome, last Saturday evening.

The winter meetings of the Harvard Athletic Association will be held on three succeeding Saturdays, beginning this week.

A great deal of credit is due to Messrs. Draper and Durfee for their unceasing energy exerted in organizing and training the tug-of-war team.

The '87 class dinner will be held at Young's, next Friday evening. Frank E. Shepard will preside, and Hollon C. Spaulding will officiate as toast-master.

General Walker's History of the Second Corps in the army of the Potomac, has been very highly praised by the various reviews and periodicals.

The '89 Senior Ball Committee consists of Messrs. Gilbert, La Rose, and Ranno. Messrs. Pierce, Russell, and Pike, are a committee to arrange for a class nine.

Messrs. Herrick, '88, Simpson, '89, and Tracy, '90, have been initiated into the Sigma Chi fraternity, and Mr. Granger Whitney, '87, into the Theta Xi fraternity.

Mrs. Rogers will sail for Europe on March 30th, and consequently, after this month, her pleasant series of Wednesday evening receptions will be discontinued until next fall.

The Senior Ball Committee has formally organized with the following officers: chairman, L. A. Ferguson, '88; secretary, Richard Devens, '88; and treasurer, J. P. Gilbert, '89.

The Glee Club concert at Association Hall to-morrow night, promises to be an artistic as well as financial success. There is no doubt but that the club will be greeted by a crowded house.

President Walker delivered a lecture at Yale University, March 2d, on the "Origin of Business Profits." This was the opening of a course of business lectures to be delivered by well-known men.

At the meeting of the Society of Arts last Thursday, Mr. Stuart M. Buck, of West Virginia, read a paper on Coal Mining, with a review of the more recent experiments on the action of dust in colliery explosions.

Professor Wells' new work on Geometry, which has lately been issued, is a book well adapted to the needs of the classes at the Institute, and elsewhere. With the exception of the calculus, a complete set of mathematical treatises, by Institute professors, is now used here.

A memorial entitled "The Example of the Life of John Chipman Hoadley," by Mr. Hiram F. Mills, has been published by the Corporation. No better example can be set before Institute students than that of the life of one who so continuously strived to advance the Institute into its present prominent position.

The Photographic Society will hold a competitive exhibition, during the latter part of April, of work done by its members. First and second prizes are offered in two classes. The first class comprises instantaneous photographs, subject unrestricted; second class is limited to views of Trinity Church or the Rogers Building, not necessarily instantaneous.

The fortunate men who have been elected to position for '87's class-day celebration, are as follows: Orator, Walter C. Fish; historian, Hollon C. Spaulding; prophet, Quintard Peters; statistician, T. D. Brainerd. The programme for the day as at present determined, consists of an address by some prominent man in the morning, the class exercises in Huntington Hall in the afternoon, and a reception and dance in the evening. The custom of giving spreads, or five o'clock teas, will be introduced by some of the clubs and societies.

A truly representative assembly of Institute men met at Young's Hotel on March 10th. It was the occasion of the dinner given the victorious tug-of-war team by the Athletic Club. The evening was passed in a very pleasant manner, and the toast list was much more inter-

esting than is usually the case at more formal meetings; which was principally owing to the impromptu arrangement of the toasts, and the fact that no one knew who was going to be called on for a toast. Mr. G. C. Dempsey, '88, officiated as toast-master, and performed his duties in a very acceptable manner. At the head of the table sat the officers of the club and the tug team. The meeting broke up at a very late hour, the rejoicings over the victory being so great.

A meeting was held last Saturday noon to decide upon the question of putting a nine in the field this spring. After the question had been discussed, it was decided to try base-ball again this year, and officers of the Association were elected as follows: president, Quintard Peters, '87; vice-president, G. O. Draper, '87; secretary and treasurer, F. L. Dame, '89; manager, R. M. Clement, '89; executive committee, Carleton, '87, Richard Devens, '88, N. Durfee, '89, and Beals, '90, with the manager. The nine will be selected by the manager, subject to the approval of the executive committee. The Association has posted a notice asking all who wish to try for the nine to hand in their names, with playing position, to the manager.

On Friday evening, March 11th, the Class of '90 had its first class-dinner at the Tremont House. About eighty joined in the festivities of the evening, and made it one of the most memorable evenings of the present college year, on account of the good feeling which prevailed throughout. After dinner numerous toasts were responded to, under the direction of Mr. Finch, who filled his position admirably well as toast-master.

The first toast, to "The Class of '90," was responded to by Mr. Johnson, the president of the class; after this came a very neat reply to the toast of "The Society of '90." The following toasts were also responded to, namely: "The Class of '89," by Mr. H. B. Roberts; "THE TECH," by Mr. J. H. Towne; "Athletics," by Mr. L. C. Wason. Then followed a toast to "The Supers,"

which was responded to in a very amusing manner by Mr. E. B. Stearns, who told his first experiences during the last national opera season. The next toasts were "The Senior Ball," by Mr. H. P. Spaulding; "The Battalion," by Mr. D. Campbell; "The Ladies," by Mr. H. W. Kern; "Base-Ball," responded to in a very pleasing speech by Mr. E. M. Beals; "Class Enterprise" was answered by Mr. E. B. Raymond. The evening closed with a recitation by Mr. E. M. A. Machardo, and an informal minstrel show. In the latter, Mr. Finch and Mr. Roberts acted as end-men, Mr. Raymond as middle-man, Mr. Poland and Mr. Preston as banjoists, and Messrs. Machardo and Heywood as "chestnut-crackers."

On Monday, March 7, the Executive Committee of the Photographic Society met, and decided to hold a competitive exhibition in one of the buildings, in the week of April 17-23. There will be three prizes awarded, namely, for interiors, instantaneous work, and time exposures. In the latter, the subjects are limited to the Tech. buildings or Trinity Church. Anybody may enter their pictures for exhibition by becoming a member of the Society, the entrance fee of which is one dollar. All names may be handed in to either S. R. Bartlett, '87, or J. H. Towne, '90.

Mr. J. L. Mauran has been elected toastmaster for the annual dinner of the Class of '89, which is to come off shortly.

The *Quarterly* is getting along very successfully now. A good deal of the material to be published in the first number is in, and the rest is all accounted for. Messrs. Mott, '88, and Greene, '88, have been elected on the board of editors.

#### THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—The expenses of the Athletic Association for the past year were \$2,300.—A contrivance for starting a tug-of-war has been placed in the gymnasium, to be tested.—Old

graduates of Harvard will be astonished to learn from the Chicago *Herald* that the song "Fair Harvard" was written by the poet Whittier, and first read at the late Harvard celebration.—*Ex.*

YALE.—At the winter games, Shearman broke the college record in the running high jump, clearing 5 ft. 7 in.—At the second mass-meeting Yale decided not to join the new baseball league.—The average age of the freshmen is 19 years, average height 5 ft. 7½ in., average weight 132 lbs. 9 oz.—There are 30 candidates for the Freshmen nine.—The first winter meeting at Yale was held in '73. There were twelve events and twenty performers. There was no boxing or wrestling, the events being mostly acrobatic in their nature.—Over fifty men are in training for the three crews, the 'Varsity, the Sophomore, and the Freshman.—The average age of students at Oxford, England, is one and a half years greater than at Yale.—Each candidate for the nine bats ten minutes a day in the cage.—The nine will take thirteen players on the Easter trip. Eleven games have already been arranged.—The new Kent laboratory will cost about \$75,000.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—There are ten laboratories in constant use by advanced students in chemistry, geology, mechanics, mineralogy, and physics.—The brain of the late Prof. Edward Olney weighed 61 oz. The average normal weight of the human brain is 49 oz. Webster's weighed 56 oz.—The 50th anniversary will be celebrated this spring.

UNIVERSITY OF PENN.—There has been received a gift of \$10,000 toward the erection of the new library.—The annual "bowl fight" between the sophomores and freshmen will not take place this year.

THE Intercollegiate Athletic Association decided, at its convention, that hereafter only those records shall be intercollegiate which are made at the annual intercollegiate games. The field meeting will be held this year on the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club, May 28th.

PRESIDENT GATES of Rutgers has refused permission to the students to give a minstrel entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association. President Gates thinks it beneath the dignity of the students to blacken their faces and appear upon the stage.—*Ex.*

A CAREFUL statistician reports that there are in America 1,801 institutions devoted to higher education. Attending are 163,570 male and 30,587 female students. In 1880, 154,375 of our 227,710 schoolteachers were women.

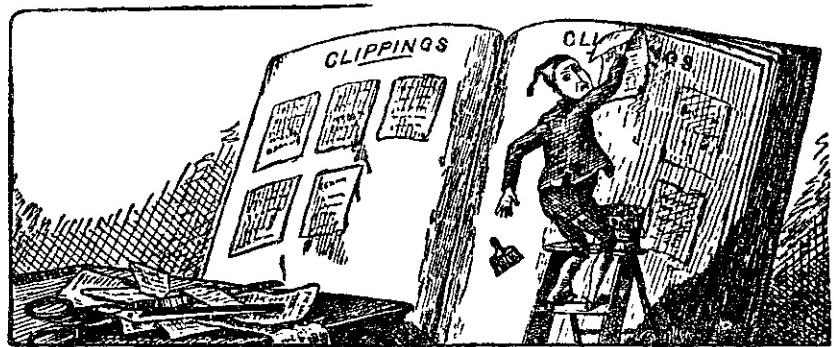
PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard, President McCosh of Princeton, and President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, have rowed on their respective 'Varsity crews.

SEVERAL games of base-ball have already been played in New Orleans under the new rules, and much dissatisfaction is found with them.

THE "student cards" given to students entering German universities, admit their holders to the theaters at half price, shield them from arrest by the civil authorities, and give free admission to many of the galleries and museums of Europe.—*Ex.*

THE Williams nine will take a trip South during the Easter vacation. They will play the Washingtons April 8, 9, and 10.

IN GENERAL.—Princeton, '89 has a fencing club.—Columbia has graduated almost 9,000 men.—The Dartmouth College grounds will soon be lighted by electricity.—At Columbia's recent theatricals, over \$500 was cleared for the benefit of the University crew.—Teemer will coach the Cornell crew from May 1st to July 5th.—In the Princeton games 4 ft. 8 in. won the standing high jump, and 5 ft. 5 in. the running high jump.—Oxford University has an annual income of \$1,000,000.—Johns Hopkins has just celebrated the eleventh anniversary of its establishment.—One of the largest endowed colleges of the West is the Utah State College, a Mormon institution.—The largest library in the world is the national library of France. It was founded by Louis XIV., and contains 1,400,000 books and 300,000 pamphlets.



THE BOX AND THE BALLET.

There's a lady in one of the boxes,  
She's dressed in a manner *au fait*,  
Which those who are posted on fashion,  
Denominate *decolleté*.

There's another one there in the ballet  
Whose attire is quite *comme il faut*;  
Reversing the cut of the other,  
It's *decolleté* down below.

If you take the two dresses presented  
And combine them, when you are done,  
You will find that the new combination  
Will result in your having but one.

Now, what shall we say of the puzzle—  
One garment, with women for two,  
And both of them dressed in the fashion?  
We don't understand it. Do you?

—*Washington Critic.*

There is a sickly, miserable,  
Wilting word called "mash,"  
Although not found in Webster,  
It has taken like a flash.  
In general, weak sisters  
Get "mashed" upon a brother;  
But sometimes tender schoolgirls  
Are "mashed" on *one another*.

—*Lasel Leaves.*

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

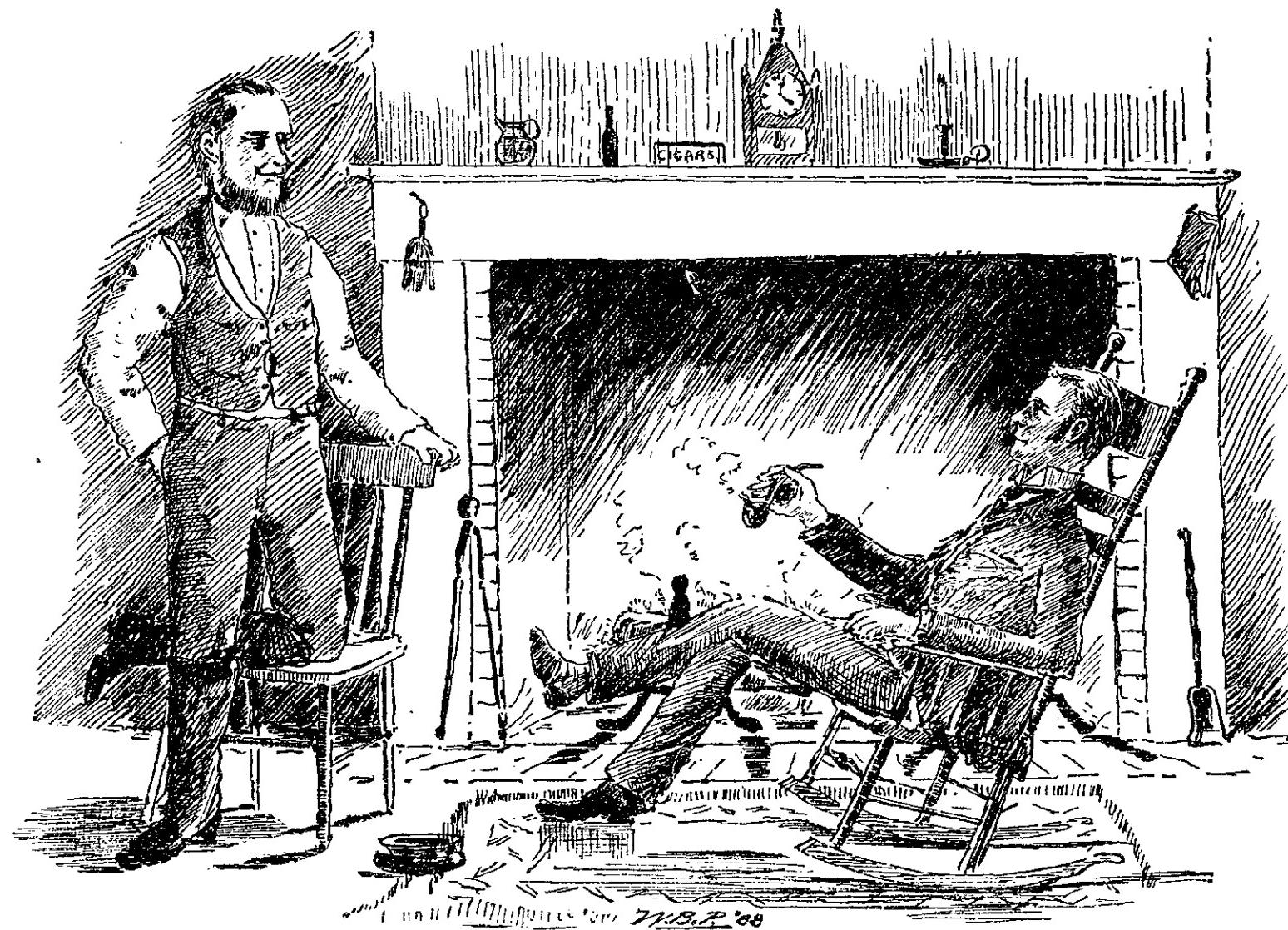
With ruddy gleams the sun was touching  
The quiet river's breast,  
And saffron clouds formed downy pillows  
Where tired earth might rest.

As darkness, swift pursuing twilight,  
Made everything obscure,  
I lay there, thinking of my Dolly,  
So quiet and demure.

But quickly to my peaceful dreaming  
A rude awakening came,—  
For see! a sprite glides near the river  
With one bright eye of flame?

A bound—I neared the airy spirit:  
No phantom form I met;  
The ghost was *quiet, modest* Dolly,  
The eye a cigarette.

—*Lampoon.*



*(Sniggins, 'go, while at home after the Semies, calls on Farmer Brown.)*

*Farmer B.:* "So you go to that 'PYROTECHNIC' SCHOOL AT BOSTON, DO YOU? DO THEY TEACH YOU TO MAKE FIREWORKS?"

*S., 'go (who has not yet heard from F. P. M.):* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW BUT THEY WORK THE FIRING RACKET PRETTY OFTEN."

#### TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Long years ago, in the days of old,  
Ere men had learned a thirst for gold,  
Each poet sang from out his heart,  
And sang of Nature, not of Art.

But in these days 'tis all for Art—  
From the head they sing, not from the heart;  
And as for Nature,—the story's old,—  
Poor Nature's left out in the cold.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

"Chestnuts!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones; "if you don't get what you want, ask for it.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The average woman is considered too delicate to shoulder a musket, but nobody questions her right to bare arms.—*Life.*

A shower of mud fell at Lincoln, Neb., recently—a rain of terra, so to speak.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

#### REVENGE.

Hello, Charley, have you seen the Prince?

No, what Prince—

Footprints—Ta-ta.

—*Lampon.*

We cannot conscientiously express wonderment that the French and Germans are at loggerheads. The Germans generally are at lager-heads.—*Life.*

RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT  
:: Cigarettes ::

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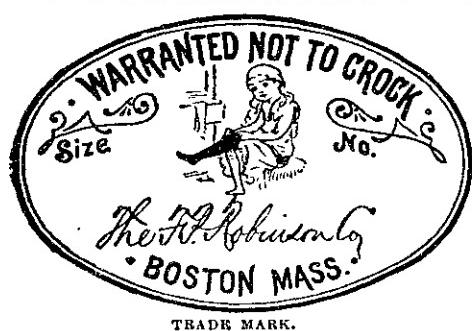
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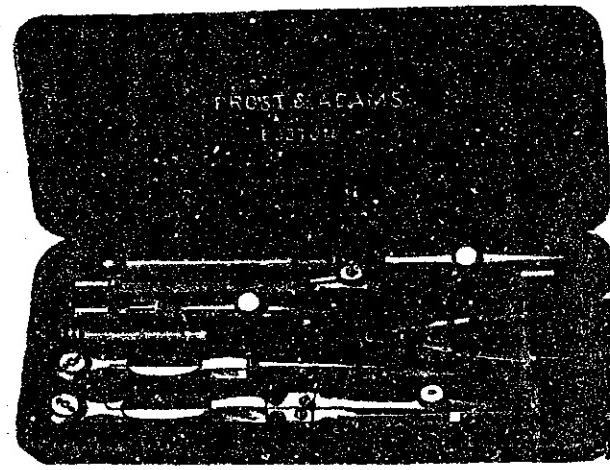
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